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For Zion's Herald.

DANTE.

In the *Divina Commedia*, this immortal writer has pointed out the fact that God respects not the social position of men, the family to which they belong, the religion in which they will be trained, nor the particular age in the world's history wherein they are to play their part, in his judgment of eminent gifts and opportunities upon them. The time when Dante made his appearance and wrought his work in the earth, was one which human wisdom, however much it may now approve the selection, would have been slow to elect. The dense night of the dark ages still lay heavy upon the world. The hierarchical power of a monstrously corrupted but exceedingly potent church, was yet combined with the cunning of political magistrates to hold mankind in direful servitude. Books were rare; knowledge was the sole privilege of the few; the philosophy of Aristotle and the subtleties of the schoolmen still occupied general attention; the Latin was the language of the schools, and in this tongue all great works were written throughout Europe. Vernacular literature was either wholly unknown or of the most insignificant character in Italy, Spain, France, England, and Germany. In illustration of his own saying, therefore, Dante stands forth as the figure of central interest in his century, and the intellectual and imaginative peer of the foremost sons of whom the world has ever produced.

It is but natural, then, that great regard should now be felt because such scanty materials exist for a thorough biography of this eminent poet. Various accounts of his life have been written at different periods, but unhappily they all yield us only the same few unimportant events of his external career, a few characteristic anecdotes, and such hints of his character and glimpses of his life as his works may afford. Dante, or Durante Alighieri, was born at Florence, May 14, 1265, and died at Ravenna, Sept. 14, 1321. His ancestry was respectable, both for character and social position. It is easy to see, that though the poet soured with unsparing lash those who found their pretensions to honor, either upon illustrious descent, ample wealth alone, or upon both together, he was himself proud because to his own unrivaled endowments was added the gift of gentle blood. He rejoices upon meeting his knightly ancestor, Cacciaguida, in the invisible world. He fortunately finds him in Paradise; which fact, when we remember that the whole matter of locating him was in the poet's hands, shows Dante's high estimation of his personal worth. Their conversation, also, is of such kind as reveals in both equally noble, generous, and patriotic spirit.

Dante's parents and early life we know comparatively little. The one greatly suggestive fact which we do know from his own statements, is his early love for Bice, or, as the poet writes the name, Beatrice, daughter of Folco Portanari, a respectable citizen of Florence. The account which Dante gives of this passion, and its effect upon his life and character, in the *Vita Nuova*, is somewhat mystical and perplexing. The question which this work has always raised in the minds of its readers, is whether the author's love was a real passion, or a poetic and soul-arousing dream. The conduct of Dante deepens our difficulty. He did not seek the presence of his loved one. He made her no offer of marriage; but saw her apparently without repugnance, become the wife of another. He sought another lady for his own wife, and lived a good and faithful husband. His love for Beatrice, such as it was, still continued. His own Gemma was aware of this peculiar condition of things without being thereby in any trouble. In the *Commedia*, moreover, Beatrice is spoken of in such a way as to leave it in doubt whether she is a real personage or an imaginative personification, like the *Wisdom of Solomon*.

Probably enough, the basis of all this romance or mysticism was a real boyish passion for the fair Florentine damsel, in whose awakening influence the young poet first learned the mystery of his soul, the spring of life's purest joy and sharpest sorrow, and the power of unselfish affection to purify the spirit for heaven. At least, Dante seems to imply all this when in his immortal poem, he represents his deliverance from that *secca selvaggia ed aspra e forte*, (forest wild and rough and great) in which he had been entangled up to the hour of his perplexing wandering through his deep slumber, as due to Beatrice's influence. Through her intercession, Virgil was sent to guide the wanderer safely through Hell and Purgatory, and entrust him, at last, to her better guidance through Paradise. To speculate and guess concerning the poet's meaning is easy here; to conclude, difficult. Our purpose is simply to give some idea of the man. His character is best shown in the few authentic stories of him which have been preserved.

It is singular that most of these should illustrate Dante's naturally excessive pride; though from a single word which he lets drop, it is evident that he knew this to be the great defect in his character. When he was exiled from Florence through political jealousy, but still upon a pretended charge of peculation, he was so bitterly enraged that he would never allow any allusion to the story, in his presence. So great was his affection for his natal city that he bowed even his pride so far as to supplicate in his works, permission to return thither; but so intense was his pride that he refused to use permission to return under an ordinance of amnesty. This he affirmed, implied an acknowledgment of guilt, which he had never incurred. Such a confession would be worse than death.

But history has another testimony; no tyrant can withstand the expressed and determined will of the people. Saul could not maintain his high-handed career against the pressure of universal popular reprobation. Though his kingly prerogative was damaged, and his royal pride was humbled, he bowed his head to the mandate of the sovereign people. Majestic indeed was that uprising of a magnanimous people against this mean act of petty despotism. The second grand test of popular government is upon the American Republic. We have stood the first test which revealed in us the ability to endure a gigantic and protracted civil war, together with those abridgments of the liberties of the citizen requisite to enhance the power of the executive. We poured out our blood and our treasure, and yielded not to the clamors of the faithless and the treacherous for a shameful surrender of our national unity and honor. We are now called, amid general laughter, that Dante must be a great eater of meat. The fiery Alighieri retorted: "Sir, you would not see so many bones even if I were a dog," (uncane, a pun on the Prince's name.)

One who knew him during his life, reports a common remark of his, that reveals his consciousness, which he shared with Shakespeare and Milton, of his own unrivaled literary power. "This man," he declares, "used often to say that no word ever made him say what he did not wish, but he had made many a word say what he did not wish." He can easily see that the poet was deeply patriotic. Indeed, this is the key to his entire political career. Parties were of no significance to him,

except as they involved the fortunes of Florence and of Italy. He would accept any leader, enter into any alliance which would forward these; he unhesitatingly deserted any that would not make them foremost. He was doomed never to see his dreams of Italy, free, great and united, realized. Then as now the temporal power of the Pope prevented this result. That power was gigantic then, now, it is a vanishing shadow. Dante's dream will soon be solid reality.

It would be a consolation to believe that Dante was happy in his life, but his sensitive organization and quick-kindling pride, joined with political misfortunes, hindered. He won immortality by his wondrous Vision, but seemed homesick on earth from too great contemplation of paradise. His portraits all reveal that deep sadness of soul which not rarely is the doorway of most gifted men. Especially was this true of one resembling him at the age of thirty, painted by Ghirlandaio. One might easily anticipate that of the riper years of such a young man, the story might be told which is connected with his visit to the monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo. Botta, in his Dante, declares that in 1308, the hermits who resided there, one day saw a stranger of sad aspect, somewhat bent as if oppressed by the burden of many sorrows, standing on that lovely spot, and gazing with kindling eyes at the charming picture which lay before him, encircled by a distant horizon, overhung by the blue sky reflected in the blue sea. One of the monks approached and kindly addressed him; but the stranger, absorbed in the contemplation of the scene, made no reply. When again addressed and asked what he desired, sadly turning his eyes towards the speaker, he answered, *pace*.

After a painful life, filled with toils and gushing with sorrows, having won a just place beside the nobler poets, and made the Tuscan tongue, which had ever before been despised as vulgar, classic language, the weary exile expired at Ravenna, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Dead, he lives as never before. More than three hundred editions of his immortal *Commedia* have issued from the press, and they will continue to multiply until time shall end. Let us hope that he found in heaven that peace which he coveted in time.

LECTURER.

ONGREGATIONAL SINGING—A TRUE INCIDENT.

*Twas Sabbath eve: the village bell
Rang sweetly on the fragrant air;
That little church—I knew it well—
With its white towers and its green trees;
The knell before a time of grave.
Their pastor's voice the silence broke—
The Lord was in that holy place,
And every soul to rapture woke.*

Then burst in one uniform strain,
That sounded new vigor to inspire,
To the old and the young, and the yet—
The congregation was the choir.
No heart, however cold or stern,
Can hear unmoved a theme so sweet,
Better feelings stir the soul,
And bring it to a Saviour's feet.

O never till my latest hour
Can those thrilling tones forget;
They bough'd by a sacred power
To the ear, and to the heart yet.
God grant the time may not be lost.
When all our churches thus shall ring
With Zion's pure and hollowed song,
Their congregations learn to sing.

Funny Crosby, in Christian Advocate.

For Zion's Herald.

SHALL JONATHAN DIE?

History is perpetually repeating itself—Hence its value as a lamp to our feet. A national crisis has now come, strikingly similar to that which occurred in Israel under King Saul. Jonathan with his armor-bearer, by a bold assault upon the Philistines, a piece of sheer presumption from a military point of view, secures a decisive victory over the haughty foe who had ground his nation into the dust for many years. His whimsical father issues an arbitrary and foolish decree prohibiting the fainting soldiers from tasting the honey which abounded in the forests through which they marched. The penalty was death. Jonathan inadvertently touched his rod to the honey, and put it to his tongue. The order has been disobeyed; Jonathan must die. The hero who had saved the nation's life at the risk of his own must be led to execution for no crime. The people become acquainted with the state of affairs, rise up as one man in indignation protest against this style of rewarding the nation's deliverance, exclaiming, "Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid; as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God to-day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not."

Here is a very emblematic popular veto worthy of imitation by the American people. Our Jonathan, the loyal African warrior, who has wrought a great salvation for America, by the caprice of our Saul, is delivered to the executioner. Have we come to this, that four millions of Americans, in a nominally free land, in time of peace, hang upon the word of one man? Eschimes says that monarchies are governed by the whims of their masters, but democracies are ruled by the will of the people. Into which class has our government fallen? That he who had ground his nation into the dust for many years. His whimsical father issues an arbitrary and foolish decree prohibiting the fainting soldiers from tasting the honey which abounded in the forests through which they marched. The penalty was death. Jonathan inadvertently touched his rod to the honey, and put it to his tongue. The order has been disobeyed; Jonathan must die. The hero who had saved the nation's life at the risk of his own must be led to execution for no crime. The people become acquainted with the state of affairs, rise up as one man in indignation protest against this style of rewarding the nation's deliverance, exclaiming, "Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid; as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God to-day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not."

The Scriptural argument in favor of Capital Punishment is not conclusive and overwhelming, Bro. McKeown to the contrary notwithstanding. Neither is it regarded as of universal and permanent obligation, given for the guidance of man through all time. Certain isolated passages in the Old Testament are quoted relied upon as establishing and forever perpetuating Capital Punishment. The great majority of the people accept this view as a finality, without reflection; they completely overlook the practical wisdom asserted in the prophet's fact, "circumstances alter cases." They forget when, and to whom it was said, the condition of those who received it, and for what purpose it was given. These all-important considerations are usually and thoughtlessly ignored. The passages in question were uttered in conjunction with other commands, long since annulled in the infancy of the race, to a people, cruel and unjust. But because such a people, under such peculiar circumstances were ordered to punish certain crimes with death, must we of to-day, under totally different circumstances, living under another law, blessed with a later revelation, graciously favored with a fuller

clothed with supreme authority? The act is unprecedented in American history, but it is not revolutionary, since it is provided for in the Constitution. The House of Representatives is charged with the solemn duty of preserving the freedom of the people by impeaching the President when he abuses his high office, and the Senate is the august tribunal which must pronounce the sentence. But above all these is a greater power, which must utter its imperial decree before Congress will brace itself for the contest; that power is the voice of the people charging its servants to perform their constitutional duty.

All this is plain talk; but since the President's guilty connivance at the extinction of liberty in blood, in the city of New Orleans, not only plainness of speech, but boldness of action is necessary. New England was represented in that St. Bartholomew of the Presidents, in the person of Rev. Jotham W. Horton, whose blood now calleth from the ground for vengeance upon the annotator who deliberately betrayed loyalty to treason.

To the anti-slavery men of New England,

especially on the part of man, in which case the inference is irresistible that every institution

and diviner dispensation, must we seek to imitate their ancient penal code, especially in those particulars in which it is farthest from the benign spirit of the gospel? Nay. But rather the lesson to be gathered from this, indicates does it not, that we are led by a special Providence who is ever adapting means and experiences according to the needs and necessities of his children. Prof. Goldwin Smith says: "The object of God's dealings with man as recorded in the Bible was, either to put human society at once in a state of perfection, without further effort, political, social or intellectual, on the part of man, in which case the inference is irresistible that every institution mentioned in the Bible without condonation will be lawful to the end of time; or the object was to implant in man's heart the principle—the love of God and man, which should move him to work (God also working in him) for the improvement of his own state and that of his fellows, and for the transforming of his and their life into the image of their Maker; in which case it by no means follows that any social institution recognized in Scripture for the time being, or mentioned by it without condemnation, is forever good or lawful in the sight of God. And that this, not the other was the real object, is matter of hourly experience; for man labors till now to improve his state and that of his fellows; and his conscience, which is the voice of God, tells him that he does well. * * * Why should God choose gradual improvement rather than immediate perfection, this is not the place to inquire. That he does so, appears from the history not only of the moral but of the physical world. The Bible recognizes progress. Moses gave the Jews certain things for the hardness of their hearts; not, of course, for their wickedness, to which God would not bend his law, but for their rude and uncivilized state. And not merely for their rudeness and want of civilization, but for the primitive narrowness of the circle of their affections; for it is only in the course of history and with the increasing range of man's social vision, that his affection extends from the primeval man, to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, and from the nation to mankind."

The command *Thou shalt not kill*, is a command alike of nature and revelation; one of God's constitutional laws established in the eternal nature of things, addressed to humanity as a whole, to be violated no more by the legislator than by the subject. But to Noah and his sons as a portion of the human race, in a particular state or condition, with adaptation to particular circumstances, God said: "Surely your blood will be required of you; for man is of evil; that it fosters the spirit of revenge and retaliation, the parent of crimes; that the punishment of retaliation which is in opposition to the spirit of the gospel; and that all history, observation and experience uniformly condemn the death penalty as a punishment for crime. I have yet to set these points successfully controverted.

My position in this article is to notice somewhat critically the scriptural argument. But first, by way of parenthesis, let me remark that Bro. McKeown more intimates that those who seek to abolish the death penalty are actuated mainly by theological motives; forgetting the natural inference that those who oppose it, are not thus influenced at all; an intimation which carries on its face its own refutation. And again, that those who seek to enlist public sympathy in behalf of the criminal are themselves committing a crime against society; are undermining the foundations of human government by lessening the security of human life. How strangely untrue this is, is seen even in the history and uniform experience of the Christian Quakers, than whom none are more moral, nor tolerate crime less, and yet no class are more consistently opposed to all Capital Punishment.

In considering the theological aspect of this question Bro. K'Keown says: "Human law is, or ought to be, a transcript of the divine law. Human government when righteous, is an imitation of the divine." Very true, and no consequence of this can be denied. I ask, however, does this *principia* from human governments which to me are so manifestly at variance with the operations of Providence, so opposed to the evident designs and spirit of heaven? Not merely for their rudeness and want of civilization, but for the primitive narrowness of the circle of their affections; for it is only in the course of history and with the increasing range of man's social vision, that his affection extends from the primeval man, to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, and from the nation to mankind.

It is said that the Hebrew word translated *shed* means to kill; and so is the English word *shedding*; and so is to be rendered "whatsoever sheddest"; and the grammatical construction will be consulted by substituting "it" for "his." The clause will then read, "whatever thou sheddest by man shall his blood be shed." High authorities declare that this law of penitential retaliation is not founded in the direct relations which exist between God and man, for the taking of the life of a man can in no measure serve to repair the injury which he has done, nor to expiate his guilt in the sight of God. It is therefore founded solely in the social relations existing between man and man, and is necessarily developed by particular circumstances. This is evidenced and emphatically confirmed by what Jesus said in his rebuke to those who in his day were inclined to practice this old law of retaliation, "Eye for eye and tooth for tooth."

It is said that "the Hebrew word translated *tread* means to tread; to run after, or pursue; and to say that while a well-studied discourse is delivered from the taking of the name of the Deity, or even of the name of Christ, is of course broken. Those who keep it are the exceptions, and are deemed singular by the mass of the church. A great proportion of Methodist preachers, even, wear gold and costly apparel. Let any one look at them when assembled in Conference, and he will see a glaring inconsistency between our rule and our practice. Gold bosome studs are worn, gold watches are attached to the person by gold chains, from which flash broad gold keys; gold-bordered spectacles aid the failing sight of the elder members (so that the evil is not confined to the juniors), and Methodist D.D.s are seen flourishing golden-headed canes. It is amusing, or would be if it were not for the sad inconsistency, to see a profusion of the effects of certain souls who may deplore the absence of the customary "heavenly tone," and cultivate rather natural, social, many-toned intonations that shall be in strict contrast with the very meaning, and with the feeling which we would convey.

Monsen, Mass. R. H. W.

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The command *Thou shalt not kill*, is a command alike of nature and revelation; one of God's constitutional laws established in the eternal nature of things, addressed to humanity as a whole, to be violated no more by the legislator than by the subject. But to Noah and his sons as a portion of the human race, in a particular state or condition, with adaptation to particular circumstances, God said: "Surely your blood will be required of you; for man is of evil; that it fosters the spirit of revenge and retaliation, the parent of crimes; that the punishment of retaliation which is in opposition to the spirit of the gospel; and that all history, observation and experience uniformly condemn the death penalty as a punishment for crime. I have yet to set these points successfully controverted.

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Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.

THE LESSONS OF LIFE.

What hast thou learned, O human heart,
Since first thy life began?
What of the world in which thou art?
Of life's mysterious plan?
Thou'st learned—and O, with many tears
That truth hast come to know—
That each of the swift-passing years
Must bring its weight of woe.
For thou hast toiled with weary feet,
With aching hands and head,
And when thou'st thought to gather wheat
Harvested tares instead.
Thou'st seen true hearts, that loved thee, laid
In earth, with dirge and prayer,
And in thy hopeless grief hast prayed,
To slumber with them there.
Thou'st found deceit where should have been
Truth's strong abiding place,
And learned that oft a demon's heart
Hides beneath an angel's face.
What hast thou learned, O Christian heart,
Since new life began?
Thou'st learnt to trace a father's love,
In life's mysterious plan.
Blossoms must vanish from the vine
Before the fruit can grow;
The grape be crushed before the wine
In ruby streams can flow;
The flower be bruised before 'twill shed
Its sweetest perfume round;
Those hearts that have the deepest bled
Are still the purest found.
For God in his foreseeing love
Our sufferings has given;
Without them earth has been so bright
We ne'er should ask for heaven.
Thou hast been taught by heavenly grace
To bear life's woe and wrong,
With patient and unconceded face,
"To suffer and be strong."
To labor not for selfish gain,
But with a toll meek sweet,
To gather sheaves of golden grain
To lay at Jesus' feet.
When Malice strews with thorns thy way,
And makes thee sorrowing live,
Thy Charity has learnt to pray
"God pity and forgive!"
And when, at last, for thee shall end
All lessons taught below,
And guided by no earthly friend,
Through Death's dark vale thou go,
Thou mayest, strong in Him who hath
Eternal power to save,
Cry "Where is now thy sting, O Death!
Thy victory, boasting Grave!"

MARY C. FAIRMON.

HYMN.

Sung at the funeral of REV. W. HORTON, of the martyrs of the New Orleans riot. Services held in Tremont Temple, August 29th.

Take from thy hands, O faithful earth,
This martyred form—a holy trust;
While mourning hearts, submissive bow,
And tears bedew the sacred dust.
Slain in his prime by hands unclem,
Peaceful shall be the martyr's rest;
Nor fears alarm, nor foes assail,
Nor pains annoy, nor cares molest.
In joyful hope we build his tomb,
Where, calm, the brave and holly sleep;
Around the shrine their watch shall keep.
O man of God, in patience wait,
The morning redness streaks the gloom;
Thy dust shall rise,—and earth, redeemed,
Proclaim its Great Deliverer come.
Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D.

Ladies.

For Zion's Herald.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.—WILBRAHAM.
A ten minutes' stroll will take one from these charming Academy grounds to this beautiful dell, where sleep in quiet the loved ones who have here fallen, "weared with the march of life." A streamlet, finding its source far up the hills, comes winding through flowery banks and fissures in the crumpling sandstone rocks, till it has cut its way deep into the earth, and uprooted tall trees, and flung them like bridges across its transparent waters. Here the cedar and elm, the hemlock, the maple and pine intertwine their fragrant branches, and respond in sweetest melody to the winds of heaven. Through the long summer days the songs of the robin and his companions in this shady retreat mingle with the voice of trees and waters, and throw a charm, not untinged with sadness, over this hallowed ground. In early spring-time the hepaticas, the anemones, the celandine, the violet, and buttercup unfold their sweet petals over every green grave, and mark beauty this resting-place of the dead.

Here, just on the brink of this streamlet, is a child's monument. The last words he uttered were, "Water, water," and so parental fondness placed the cold form just here, where, when they came to look on his grave, they could hear the murmuring brook so charmed his childish fancy. A granite shaft stands, rising above the resting-place of a faithful minister of Christ, who was early called to his rest and reward. There sleep side by side brother and sister, each called suddenly away; but the marble ivy above them will be less enduring than the memory of Livia and Charlie. In this spot rests Enola, the poetess of her class in the Academy, and the sweet spirit that faded from earth so soon. I remember when a long train of maidens, each wearing a badge of mourning, and bearing in her hand a bunch of white flowers, paid their last tribute of love to one so dear.

But here is a newer grave. One year ago this beautiful June the turf in this spot was unbroken. She who now sleeps beneath it was fading, but was still moving among us. When the wintry winds came and storms gathered, her spirit took its flight to that celestial clime where no chilling winds or poisonous breath can ever reach. Of her it might truly be said that she was a faithful wife, a devoted mother, a true woman; but though these terms embrace so much, they can scarce satisfy the ear of friendship. The heart loves to linger over each lineament of the departed, and gather up from the shadowy past the words and looks that once gladdened it as sunshine does the earth. No exemption is claimed for the sleeping tenant of this grave, from the common weaknesses and imperfections of humanity. It is no angel from heaven whom we had down to rest here, but one like us, born to a lot of mingled joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, aspirations after good, and disappointment in the achievements of much that the soul desires. Still we hope and believe that through this early discipline her soul was refined, and made meet to dwell with the angels. Mrs. Wright possessed a power rarely equalled to analyze and read the characters of those thrown into her society, and an independence of mind which led those partially acquainted to sometimes misinterpret her. It was only to those who knew her intimately that the loveliness of her character fully appeared. In the circle of her friends, in the privacy of domestic life, to her was to love her. Children always gathered round her. She could interest, amuse, divert and instruct them as few could; and it may not be regarded as treading

on forbidden ground to say that the proudest monument which she could rear for herself, is found in the character of those children who daily came within the circle of her influence. She had a love for all things beauteous around her, whether in the material or spiritual world. For her, every star and flower had a lesson, and every streamlet and forest tree a voice. Her cultured taste found pleasure in poetry, in painting, and in song; yet when duty called her from these enjoyments, she saw much diviner beauty in obedience to right, that she could willingly relinquish them all.

"She did with patient will,
What others talked of, while their hands were still."

And thus by self-sacrifice, by patient toil, by little unexpected deeds of kindness scattered all along her pathway, all done in self-distrust but in calm reliance upon the Saviour, she built up a character such as we love to look upon, and God can approve. The closing scenes of her earthly existence were such as her life would foreshadow. There was no fear of death—all peace. "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and her spirit left to join the great company of the departed. Often, as we walk in these calm shades, shall we recall the words and tones of her who slumbers here; and while we think of the vanity of earth and time, we will remember that goodness and virtue are eternal. S.

For Zion's Herald.

MADGE ON THE CENTENARY.

MR. EDITOR:—Madge wants to speak, and she wants her communication to be "known and read of all men." Madge is Methodist, and thinks that title gives her a right to be heard in the "Centenary year"; and as it will not come again for a hundred years, she presumes she will be quite an old lady before she "asks to speak" again.

Madge has read much of the wonderful increase of Methodism and Methodist influence, since it was planted in this country; and she has looked around upon its institutions of learning, its fine churches, its talented preachers, and its flourishing societies, until she is almost proud that she is a Methodist. She has read, too, of the "Memorial Monuments" which are to be erected this year, and of the munificent donations offered by ladies of wealth and position. Mrs. Gov. A. has given ten thousand dollars, and been constituted a benefactress. Mrs. Bishop B. has given one thousand, Mrs. Gen. C. has given five hundred, Mrs. D. one hundred, Miss E. fifty, and so on; each has been endowed with honors according to the sum paid.

Madge thinks this all very laudable; she likes "family honors," and being one of the great "Methodist family," she feels a little "honest pride" in witnessing the promotion of her sisters. At the close of the list of offerings, she read, "Ten other ladies, one dollar each." Why? Madge looked in vain for their names. Their gifts were so small that their names would not look well in print. Their money was gladly received, for enough of it given to a few short years, and the sod covers us, and we forget and are forgotten. Where shall I turn for relief? Whither shall I go for happiness?

WEALTH (a young lady elegantly dressed). In the distance I have listened to thy repnings, O mortal, and have come to thy relief. Instead of all this weary grief, this cutting of the joy that life affords, this endless pining or denied relief, accept the balm I proffer; accept of abundance the oil of gladness, and let your treasure given by God to man. For thy joys bright cup shall sparkling foam; for thee the fertile earth must yield her increase, and to thee shall be unknown that weariness, fatigue and pain which choke the heart of so many humanity, sighing in vain for rest from toil and care. For thee Luxury shall spread her feasts, and the loam send forth her silken splendor. Thou shalt bask in the sunshine of indulgence, with numberless servants to do thy bidding. Live once with gold, thou wilt find a sweet companion, kind and true. Thou mayest trust it; it will not cheat thee. If thou wouldst be happy, and have hours heaped upon thee, if thou wouldst arrive at great things, get wealth.

PAINTING (a young lady). Thou hast faculties that may attain to surpassing power. Thou mayest yet rank among those who have left behind them works that are worshipped wherever beauty is comprehended. O, then, bend thy fervent eyes over the blank canvas, and thou shalt see rise within its magic circle pictured scenes, with the colors softly blending. Utopian scenes of pleasure, old Arcadian shades with green bows and leafy glades, with dancing nymphs and many shepherds in fancy's flowing light, and every attitude of grace and rest. Lo, at thy command the dull clay shall be moulded to beauty's richest lines, or, with more patient and tedious fine touches, wake into statue life, and repay with its soft shadow and pale smile thy assiduous care. Let thy delineations of beauty be such as the eye cannot blane, and such as thou shall acknowledge as truly beautiful. This into everlasting the forms that created, which in disease can ravage and years shall not impair. Let Sculpture attain to a genial, warm, sublime creation; for at thy command the marble shall not only bring thee gold, but thou shalt build to thyself a monument more enduring than brass. For when thou hast passed from earth, in some illumined shrine, wrapped in pale glory, thy works shall stand admired and stamed as a thing divine.

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